

The Loved and Lost.

Hush'd is the bosoms' rising sigh,
And darkness veils the dawn,
That promised future life and light,
And many a vision pure and bright,
The sparkling eye, the cheeks rich bloom,
Were flow'rets gathered for the tomb.
Tho' vernal Spring its flowers renew,
It brings those lov'd ones not to view,
For lo! the hand of death is where,
The budding beauties bloomed so fair.

P. B. W.
